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2019

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RULES

1. The quotations are to be identified by reference to author, work, and where appropriate stanza or line number or number of chapter, canto, book, act or scene. Ten marks are given for each answer with full references, including a printed source. Incomplete answers, guesses, hazards, and bows drawn at a venture will receive marks on their merits. Marks will be deducted for googling. Extra marks may be given for answers found only by one or two competitors, and also for exceptionally good, interesting, or otherwise learned or entertaining answers, at the Editor's discretion.
2. The Prizes are cheques in amounts dictated by the modest budget of the Almanac. No competitor may take a first prize two years running, or any prize at all in the fourth year after three consecutive winning years.
3. Answers are to be typed or legibly written on one side of the paper only, leaving a good margin for marks on the right hand side (*mutatis mutandis* if emailing). Full name and address are to be written on the first page. The entry must reach the Editor not later than 2 September 2019. Please mark your entry 'NEMO'. Entries may alternatively be submitted by email to ikp1000@cam.ac.uk.
4. If an appropriately sized and properly stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed, entries will be returned with an answer sheet.
5. A pseudonym may be used, but prize-winners' actual names may be published.
6. No author is quoted more than once. No extract is in translation.
7. The Editor's decision is final in every case.

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January

1

Despite secular bustle

let me enter King's Chapel
to hear them sing: My work be praise while
others go and come.

2

Lost in the shadowy silence of canopied Renaissance stalls
In blazing glass above the dark glow skies and thrones and wings
Blue, ruby, gold and green between the whiteness of the walls
And with what rich precision the stonework soars and springs
To fountain out a spreading vault - a shower that never falls.

3

They say the sky is the same everywhere. [...] But above Cambridge - anyhow above the roof of King's College Chapel - there is a difference. Out at sea a great city will cast a brightness into the night. Is it fanciful to suppose the sky, washed into the crevices of King's College Chapel, lighter, thinner, more sparkling than the sky - elsewhere?

4

that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;

5

King's Chapel at Evensong. The coloured windows faded gradually out: only a twilight blue was left beneath the roof: and that died too. Then, only the double rows of candle-flames gave light, pointing and floating above the immemorial shadows of the floor and the shadows of the benches and the shadowed faces of old men and youths.

6

'You don't know how he was killed, do you?' she said. 'No, you wouldn't.' And she laughed a sharp, unhumorous laugh. 'He was climbing King's College Chapel. Silly boy.'

February

1
Blame not my lute, for he must sownd
Of thes or that as liketh me;
For lake of wytt the lutte is bownd
To gyve suche tunes as plesithe me;

2
Hush, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me
  Of past joys, now turn'd to pain;
Of ties that long have ceased to bind me,
  But whose burning marks remain.

3
The maid of the little turret, of the veil, and of the lute, sung exactly such an air as we are accustomed to suppose flowed from the lips of the high-born dames of chivalry, when knights and troubadours listened and languished. The words had neither so much sense, wit, or fancy, as to withdraw the attention from the music, nor the music so much of art, as to drown all feeling of the words.

4
Slow subsides the rapture that possessed love's flower-soft lute,
Slow the palpitation of the triumph of the lyre:
Still the soul feels burn, a flame unslaked though these be mute,
    Deep desire.

5
When to her lute Corrina sings,
Her voice revives the leaden stringes,
And doth in highest noates appeare
As any challeng'd eccho cleere;

6
The king sings to the lute, his voice strong, true, plangent: 'As I Walked the Woods So Wild.' Some women weep, a little the worse for strong Italian wines.

March

1
When the door had opened, somewhat reluctantly, and a slightly dazed face had looked out, Dirk had doffed his absurd hat and said in a loud voice, 'Mr Samuel Coleridge?'
'I was just passing by, on my way from Porlock, you understand, and I was wondering if I might trouble you to vouchsafe me an interview? It's just for a little parish broadsheet I edit.'

2
I am hungry to be interrupted
For ever and ever amen
Oh Person from Porlock come quickly

3
Four several 'times' he mingled in his theme:—
His clock's, his mind's, the ship's that had no name,
The Sun of genius', regnant over them....
And *Kubla Khan* ?—when one from Porlock came?

4
'Person from Porlock,' stay!
If you don't know my only rule for writing
It's this, to welcome all disturbances
As bearing somehow on the work in hand,
Supplying an unguessed material need.

5
There came a knocking at the front door,
The eternal, nameless caller at the door;
The sound pierced the still hall,
But not the stillness about his brain.
It came again.

6
The Person from Porlock was cooking his tea
  When Coleridge rapped on his door.
'Remember? You once did the same thing to me,
  Pimpled, Porlockian bore!'

April

1
I heard a song upon the wandering wind,
A song of many tones—though one full soul
Breathed through them all imploringly; and made
All nature as they pass'd, all quivering leaves
And low responsive reeds and waters thrill,
As with the consciousness of human prayer.

2
As he stood breathing deep and then listening to the night, he heard first, firing far away, and then he heard an owl cry in the timber below, where the horse corral was slung. Then inside the
cave he could hear the gypsy starting to sing and the soft chording of a guitar.

3
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;

4
It amused me to listen, at a vast distance, to the robust singing of a shepherd while following his flock on the great lonely downs above Chitterne. He was a sort of Tamagno of the downs, with a tremendous voice audible a mile away.

5
Halfway up the steep hill, I noticed
a bald-headed young guy standing
on the roof of a yellow Mini-Minor,
singing John Lennon's 'Nowhere Man'.

6
From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing to their flockes, that fed,
Layes of sweete loue and youthes delightfull heat:

May

1
Doctor, your tastes and sympathies are very much with the Greeks; but I doubt if you would have liked their wine. Condiments of sea-water and turpentine must have given it an odd flavour; and mixing water with it, in the proportion of three to one, must have reduced the strength of merely fermented liquor to something like the smallest ale of Christophero Sly.

2
In Parliament I fill my seat,
  With many other noodles;
And lay my head in Jermyn Street,
  And sip my hock at Boodle's.

3
Glowing wine on his palate lingered swallowed. Crushing in the winepress grapes of Burgundy. Sun's heat it is. Seems to a secret touch telling me memory.

4
Of course I feel that, lonely among my vines,
Where nothing's talked of, save the blight again,
And no more Chianti! Still the letter's use
As preparation . . . . . Did I start indeed?
Last night I started at a cockchafer,
And shook a half-hour after.

5
Some dozens of claret
were opened, were opened;
a pipe of port was in question,
in question.
Nobody was sober, was sober, was sober.

6
His bearing suggested that he had certainly before heard the word 'champagne' used, if only in some distant, outlandish context; that devotion to his master alone gave him some apprehension of what this question—these ravings, almost—might mean. Nothing good could come of it. This was a disastrous way to talk. That was his unspoken message so far as champagne was concerned. After a long pause, he at last shook his head.

'I doubt if there is any champagne left, m'lord.'

June

1
At a bygone Western country fair
I saw a giant led by a dwarf
With a red string like a long thin scarf;
How much he was the stronger there
The giant seemed unaware.

2
But not to look so high as Heaven or the single Quincunx of the *Hyades* upon the neck of *Taurus*, the Triangle, and remarkable *Crusero* about the foot of the *Centaur*; observable rudiments there are hereof in subterraneous concretions, and bodies in the Earth

3
I chose these for you—
not the precinct of the unicorn, nor

the half-torn
singlet of a nursery rhyme prince, but

the signals of enigma:

4
Now no Man in the Town durst so much as face this *Monster*; but all Men fled when they heard of the noise of his coming. The *Monster* was like unto no one Beast upon the Earth. Its Body was like a Dragon, and it had seven Heads and ten Horns. *It made great havock of Children, and yet it was governed by a Woman.*

5
So cry for the pagan girl left picking olives
Beside a sunblue sea, and mourn the flagon
Raised to toast a thousand kings, for all gives
Sorrow; weep for the legendary dragon.

6
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimaeras dire – stories of Celaeno and the Harpies – may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition – but they were there before. They are transcripts, types – the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all?

July

1
The *Fan* shall flutter in all Female Hands,
And various Fashions learn from various Lands.
For this, shall Elephants their Iv'ry shed;
And polish'd sticks the waving Engine spread:

2
'Next to the coming to a good understanding with a new mistress, I love a quarrel with an old one. But the devil's in't, there has been such a calm in my affairs of late, I have not had the pleasure of making a woman so much as break her fan, to be sullen, or forswear herself these three days.'

3.
O Fan of white silk,
clear as frost on the grass-blade,
You also are laid aside.

4
The stranger progressed rapidly; the little doctor danced with another lady; the widow dropped her fan; the stranger picked it up, and presented it—a smile—a bow—a curtsey—a few words of conversation. The stranger walked boldly up to, and returned with, the master of the ceremonies; a little introductory pantomime;

5
'How can I tell him? I can't tell him. It would kill me. I wonder what happened after I escaped from that horrible room. Perhaps she told them the true reason of her being there, and the real meaning of that—fatal fan of mine. Oh, if he knows—how can I look him in the face again? He would never forgive me.'

6
A flower is in her left hand; with her right
she fingers the fan in her embroidered waistband.
On a slight hill, with deep blue sky behind,
she is musing. She may be in a paradise.

August

1
Moles from the meadow will invade your plot;
Pink palm, strong snout, and velvet energy
Tunnel a system worthy of a sapper;

2
Call vnto his funerall Dole
The Ante, the field-mouse, and the mole
To reare him hillockes, that shall keepe him warme,
And (when gay tombes are rob'd) sustaine no harme,

3
I am the Mole.
Not easy to know.
Wherever I go
I travel by hole.

4
Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul.

5
After several dabbling attempts, Anne succeeded in picking up the little animal by the scruff of its neck. It threw back its head, flung its long blind snout from side to side, the mouth open in a peculiar oblong, with tiny pinkish teeth at the edge. The blind, frantic mouth gaped and writhed. The body, heavy and clumsy, hung scarcely moving.

6
"He would keep it under his eye, as it were. Why not? It is natural. A fellow doesn't put his swag underground, unless there's a very good reason for it."
"A very good reason, eh?"
"Yes, sir. What do you think the fellow is—a mole?"

September

1
Summer ends now; now, barbarous in beauty, the stooks rise
Around; up above, what wind-walks! what lovely behaviour
Of silk-sack clouds!

2
When sudden sunrays break the brooding haze
Which makes monotonous these grounds,
Livid the little wind-flaked lakes appear,
Vivid the fever-mottled leaves still bound
By mouldering stalks to idly shaken boughs;

3
November again. It's more winter than autumn. That's not mist. It's fog.
The sycamore seeds hit the glass in the wind like – no, not like anything else, like sycamore seeds hitting window glass.

4
A different season now
Invites a different song. The naked trees
Admit the tempest; rent is Nature's robe;
Fast, fast, the blush of Summer fades away
From her wan cheek, and scarce a flower remains
To deck her bosom;

5
At this point, the candles were brought in ...The sharp flames shivered, everyone blinked; the dahlias became more theatrical.
'Autumn,' pronounced Sir Richard. 'There should be less of this ambushing and skirmishing and hey-fiddadling now that the days are drawing in.'

6
The pavements of Kensington are greasy;
The wind smells of burnt porridge in Bayswater,
And the leaves are mushed to silence in the gutter.

October

1
O sweet retirement, who would baulk the thought
That could afford retirement, or could not?

2
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone.

3
He made his little pile, retired from business at the age of sixty-one, bought a house at Lewisham, and settled down to rest after a life of ceaseless grind. One would think his future was tolerably assured.

4
There was a splay of Mass cards
on the sitting-room mantelpiece
which formed a crescent round a glass vase,
his retirement present from C.I.E.

5
'You ain't comfortable, my gel, in this world, not if you don't live up to your position'—so putting compactly into contemporary English that fine old phrase noblesse oblige.
'A 'ouse of this sort is what a retired tradesman might 'ave, or some little whipper-snapper of a s'licitor. But you—'

6
He was an old, retired, re-appointed lieutenant-colonel from some miles away. We met in the space before the main doors, where I had my half-company fallen-in, waiting for orders. 'Come in. I'll soon show you over. It's a great warren of a place, but we've only requisitioned the ground floor and half a dozen bedrooms.'

November

1
His three famous deliveries had been treated with contempt—the leg-break, the fast yorker, and the slow, swinging off-break out of the laurel bushes. What on earth was he to try now? Another six and he would be laughed out of the parish.

2
Then we came to a tavern with vine-leaves over the lintel,
Six hands at an open door dicing for pieces of silver

3
Six names of six sweet maidens,
Six honey flowers,
Name, and each name unladens
Its load of summer hours.

4
    Ever-smooth decimals
though not asked to be widely or crudely divisible
  unlike their harrowing neighbours followed
  a strictly formulaic code
    and being biddable
  took then to the policing of cells,
    their cold heavens
    at sixes and sevens.

5
Our Money was Ebb'd very Low, for tho' I had one piece of Gold in my Pocket, which I kept reserv'd for the last Extremity; yet it was but half a Guinea, and my Captain had born all our Charges as far as his Money would go; so that when we came to *New-Castle,* we had but Six-pence left in all to help ourselves; and the two *Scots* had begg'd their way, all along the Road.

6
But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-three?

December

1
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:

2
Short Ceremony, Friends;
But yet it must be decent. First, this Laurel
Shall crown my Hero's Head: he fell not basely,
Nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou
Cou'dst triumph o'er thy self; and thou alone
Wert worthy so to triumph.

3
Oh, glorious laurel! since for one sole leaf
Of thine imaginary deathless tree,
Of blood and tears must flow the unebbing sea.

4
'My uncle's gardener always says the soil here is better than his own, and so it appears from the growth of the laurels and evergreens in general. The evergreen! How beautiful, how welcome, how wonderful the evergreen! When one thinks of it, how astonishing a variety of nature!'

5
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?

6
A thrush sings,
Laurel-surrounded
In the deep bare garden,
Its fresh-peeled voice
Astonishing the brickwork.
It will be spring soon

NEMO 2018 ANSWERS :
Cover: Iris Murdoch, *The Philosopher's Pupil*, Prelude II: 'Our Town'

JANUARY
1. Virginia Woolf, Letter to Vanessa Bell, *Letters*, Vol. 2, p. 156
2. Helen Oyeyemi, *The Icarus Girl*, Ch. 18
3. Adrian Mitchell, 'What the Mermaid Told Me', ll. 7-10
4. Daphne du Maurier, *The Scapegoat*, Ch. XI
5. Oscar Wilde, 'The Fisherman and his Soul'
6. George MacKay Brown, 'Beachcomber', ll. 7-12

FEBRUARY
1. Sydney Smith, letter to Dr Henry Holland, 8 June 1835
2. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 'The Nose', ll. 9-10
3. Kingsley Amis, *Lucky Jim*, Ch. 18
4. Selima Hill, 'My Sister's Nose', complete poem
5. Thomas Dekker, *Satiro-Mastix*
6. Laurence Sterne, *Tristram Shandy*, Vol 3, Ch. xxxvii

MARCH
1. Rex Warner, *The Wild Goose Chase*, Ch. 1
2. William Wordsworth, 'Three years she grew', ll. 1-3
3. John Keats, Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds, Saturday 22 Nov.1817
4. Douglas Dunn, 'Three Poets', ll. 13-15
5. W B Yeats, 'The Mother of God', ll. 1-3
6. Stephen Spender, 'Three Days', ll. 1-4

APRIL
1. W. Somerset Maugham, *The Moon and Sixpence*, final sentences
2. Siegfried Sassoon, 'Mammoniac Ode', stanza 3
3. *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol (From A to B and Back Again)*, 9 Economics
4. Thomas Nashe, *Summer's Last Will and Testament*
5. Charles Dickens, *Nicholas Nickleby*, Ch. 34
6. Frances Cornford, 'Charm for obtaining domestic help', ll. 4-8

MAY
1. John Evelyn, *Diary*, 12 April 1682 (Oxford Standard Authors edn, p. 724)
2. Sarah Waters, *The Night Watch*, p. 420
3. John Clare, 'Autumn Evening'
4. Richard Jefferies, 'The Pigeons at the British Museum', in *The Life of the Fields*
5. L.E.L. [Letitia Elizabeth Landon], 'The Carrier-Pigeon Returned', stanza 6, in *The Life and Literary Remains* (1841)

6. Henry Green, *Caught*, two pages before the end

JUNE
1. Angela Carter, 'The Cabinet of Edgar Allan Poe'
2. George Szirtes, 'For my Father at Seventy'
3. Patrick Hamilton, *Hangover Square*, Ch 1
4. David Gascoyne, 'The Very Image', ll. 11-16
5. Christopher Middleton, '1944', ll. 5-9
6. Agatha Christie, *Lord Edgware Dies*, Ch. 1

JULY
1. Frances Hodgson Burnett, *The Secret Garden*, Ch. 9
2. Alexander Pope, 'The Garden' (after Cowley), ll. 13-16
3 E. J. Scovell, 'Noon in the Botanic Garden', ll. 13-16
4. Elizabeth Bowen, 'Look At All Those Roses'
5. T.E. Brown, 'My Garden', ll. 2-4
6. James Elroy Flecker, 'Ballad of the Londoner', last stanza

AUGUST
1. Molly Keane, *Good Behaviour*, Ch.13
2. Thomas Carew, 'To my Friend G.N. from Wrest', ll. 25-30
3. Henry James, *The Portrait of a Lady*, Ch. 1
4. Aldous Huxley, *Chrome Yellow*, Ch.1
5. Charles Cotton, 'The Wonders of the Peak', ll. 1375-1378
6. Alan Hollinghurst, *The Stranger's Child*, Revel, Ch. 4

SEPTEMBER
1. Andrew Marvell, 'Daphnis and Chloe', stanza X
2. Thomas Gray, 'The Bard', ll. 13-14
3. Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness*, Part 3
4. Joseph Addison, *Cato*, I, 3
5. John Milton, *Paradise Lost*, VI
6. Edgar Allan Poe, 'The Pit and the Pendulum'

OCTOBER
1. C.S. Calverley, 'Thoughts at a Railway Station', stanza 1
2. Robert Graves, 'The Treasure Box', ll. 1-4
3. Robert Louis Stevenson & Lloyd Osbourne, *The Wrong Box*, Ch. 5
4. H.D., *Trilogy*: *The Walls Do Not Fall*
5. Thomas Hardy, 'Midnight on the Great Western', ll. 6-8
6. Nicholson Baker, *A Box of Matches*, 2

NOVEMBER
1. Robert Browning, *Dramatis Personae*, James Lee ['s Wife], 3, 'In the Doorway', stanza 2
2. D.H. Lawrence, 'Figs', ll. 10-13
3. William Shakespeare, *Henry V*, III, vi
4. Edward St Aubyn, *Never Mind*, Ch. 4
5. Gerald Durrell, *My Family and Other Animals*, I, Ch. 2
6. E M Forster, *A Passage to India*, III

DECEMBER
1. John Marston, *The Malcontent*, I, ii
2. Jonathan Swift, 'The Lady's Dressing-Room'
3. Samuel Beckett, *Molloy*, II
4. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, *Aurora Leigh*, Book III
5. Louisa M. Alcott, *Little Women*, I, 2
6. Alison Uttley, *Little Grey Rabbit's Christmas*, p. 67

Marks and Prizes

First prize

733 Brian Jordan
733 Elspeth Christie

Second prize

727 Gli amici

Third prize

720 Susanne Woodman and Philip Hearsum

717 Michael Webb-Ingall and Robbie Ellen
716 Caroline Heal
714 Pam Thompson
700 Jenny Naish
690 Alison Sheehan-Hunt
650 Nigel Forde
556 Mrs C. Pearce
532 W. A. Kyle
522 Michael and Carolyn Greet
515 The Mossfield Gang
507 Mary Milne-Day, Sara Price and Anne Willits
440 Rosemary Scott & Alison Walker
426 Rosemary Johnson
413 Steven Osborn
400 June Walker
399 The Two Old Masters
322 Alan Langley
289 Tom Durham
247 Kenneth Thornton
223 Mrs R. Bolton
169 Florence Yarwood
110 Gillian Rigby
97 Val Marshall-George

REMARKS

Now, after thinking that maybe 2017 was too difficult, I'm worried that 2018 was too easy. On the other hand, a number of you thought there were too many prose quotations, making the reasonable point that it's harder to find needles in fictional haystacks than to locate fragments of poems. The number of prose quotations has fluctuated quite a lot in the last two or three decades; this year, I've tried to make (almost) all of them (relatively) accessible. Next year I'll reduce the proportion a little: but the poems may get harder to compensate. Many thanks to all those of you who write or email the editor, whether to point out mistakes (there was a small misquotation in the Kingsley Amis, the Robert Graves had featured only a few years ago, the Letitia Elizabeth Landon was too hard to find...my apologies for all of them) or to comment, praise, inform, critique, or make suggestions. All correspondence is welcome, and will be replied to. The answers were of a very high standard this year, as the marks show. All quotations were identified, although the Letitia Elizabeth Landon proved the most elusive (see apology above), along with the George Szirtes.

It is the sad duty of Nemo's editor to record some deaths. First, Mrs K Hawes has written to say that her husband Professor Donald Hawes, who for many years enjoyed the Almanac, sadly died very suddenly and unexpectedly two years ago. To this sad news must be added the death of one of the regular, and most successful, contestants of recent years: G. Ingli Jones died last year. His daughter, the poet Elizabeth James, has sent the following note:

"I wanted to let you know for the record that my dear father Gwyn Ingli James, a Nemo devotee for over 30 years, died in September, aged 89. In the late 1970s I (then at Oxford) bought him a copy of the almanack, and he entered every year, or almost, until in his mid-80s Parkinson's and dementia began to take hold. He liked to work with partners, and enjoyed the virtual community of Nemo, but the competition was the bottom line. As the Rules used to say, 'Any means may be used....' so he was an active swapper, though not to others' detriment. His own absolute goal was a full score, but he didn't at all mind sharing the podium. Indeed he liked to offer 'hints' to his closest associates (few of whom he ever met in person). He also quickly embraced the internet as a source, having only started to use a computer after retirement. By now things have evidently changed, but in the 90s it still took expertise to use the web effectively for Nemo, and especially to obtain accurate references. He always checked the original (Nemo justified a lot of book collecting...) His personal resources, as an English academic (at Cardiff) were obviously a wide and deep knowledge of literature and a trained eye for period and style, as well as a large library. Dad was tickled by being a bit of a Nemo celebrity, 'possibly pseudonymous' (*The Independent*, 1998 http://www.independent.co.uk/arts-entertainment/a-year-long-trivial-pursuit-for-the-

over-educated-1182421.html), rumoured to be a clergyman (I think that was an article in Harpers??). He was delighted to serve as a guest setter once or twice (for Gerard Benson?). I am afraid one of his chosen themes was knickers."

(Which reminds me—I ought to say that guest setters are always welcome, so if you have a page or would like to compile one, on whatever subject appeals to you (not excluding underwear), I'd be delighted to receive it.)

Finally, Pam Thompson has written to tell me of the death of another Nemonist, Roland Hall, who died in May this year. She writes: "His work on philosophy at the University of York and on Locke was widely acclaimed, but his voluntary efforts for the OED over six decades were almost legendary. It was Roland who first sent me a copy of Nemo and convinced me that it (and other quizzes and crosswords) were a fabulous obsession. We met only twice, but corresponded often until he became seriously ill. Beyond his erudition, Roland was an indefatigable seeker of answers and a bibliophile par excellence. He is the only person I know who had to build an extension to his house to accommodate more books. How many times he tackled Nemo, I do not know, but his enthusiasm for it was infectious. I can only thank him for spreading that infection to me. For all I know, he infected many others."

I can only hope that the infection continues to spread and that it gets into the bloodstream of as many younger bibliophiles, competitors and other obsessives as possible. I still don't know how to ensure this. I had hoped that the Nemo book, which was published by Profile Books last November, as some of you may have seen, and which received some press coverage and reasonable sales, would attract enormous numbers of youthful competitors, but it hasn't resulted in as many new subscriptions as I'd hoped for. Not yet, anyway. And I'm determined not to write the whole literary quiz business off as an anachronism. I'd welcome any suggestions from you about how to solve this (now perennial) problem. Also, I know from my own experience as a competitor that there are dozens of reasons for not sending in a sheet of answers; not enough time to search, not enough success at tracking things down, embarrassment at small scores, forgetfulness—all these and more; and some people just want to read it, or talk about it, or quiz people at dinner parties or in the pub; but it would be very nice to have a few more entries, however incomplete or based on guesswork they are.

The bad news is that these our prices, as I foretold you, have now increased. I hope this isn't too much of a burden: if it is, I'm sure you'll let me know. These are difficult times. In fact, because of the difficult times, I thought of suspending the rule about not including translations as a protest against Brexit, but decided (a) that it was too radical a move for Nemo, (b) that it might be too controversial, and (c) that it was unlikely to make many of the politicians change their minds. So Nemo remains unchanged while Rome burns. At least I hope it will (be unchanged, not burn). Also, as cheques seem to be disappearing, too, subscribers may in future prefer to pay by Bank Transfer (BACS). For those who would like to, the Nemo's Almanac account is number 04336208 at sort code 40-16-08. But remember to let me know the details of your order, by post or email!

Talking of change, I've reached that point in my life where I've had to retire (see the September page) from teaching. I've also had to give up my college rooms, which has meant disposing of some five thousand books for which there was no conceivable room at Nemo Towers, so the range of quotation in future years may narrow a bit. On the other hand, setting the quiz might not take so long. (And Queens' College will continue to be the Nemo address.)

Now I'd better get down to thinking about Nemo 2020.

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'My dear Mr. Bennet,' said his lady to him one day, 'have you still not got the one about Netherfield Park?'

Mr Bennet replied that he had not.

'But it's easy,' returned she; 'Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.'

Mr Bennet made no answer.

'Do you not want to know who wrote it?' cried his wife impatiently.

'You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it, so long as Mrs. Long didn't google the answer.'

If you would like a copy, or multiple copies, of the 2019 issue (the 128th) of the fiendish quotation quiz NEMO'S ALMANAC, please send £4 per copy (3 for £10), plus £1 postage, to the editor:

Dr Ian Patterson, Queens' College, Cambridge, CB3 9ET, UK

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